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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

VOLUME LXXVII.—No. 1206.
Price 10 Cents.



GALVESTON GHOULS ROB THE DEAD.
INDIGNANT CITIZENS SHOOT DOWN MEN WHO PREY ON THE VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

Saturday, September 29, 1900

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THE POLICE GAZETTE

GREATEST
SPORTING
WEEKLY
IN THE
WORLD

\$1.00

THREE

MONTHS

\$1.00

INCLUDING

FINE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENTS

ADDRESS

RICHARD K. FOX

FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

Read What They Say.

TRIPOLI, ILL., Aug. 18, 1900.

RICHARD K. FOX—Please send me five *POLICE GAZETTES*, No. 1200, for which you will find enclosed 50 cents. The boys out here have looked at my paper so much that it is almost worn out.

GEORGE BRANDT.

P. S.—The *POLICE GAZETTE* is very well liked here. Every man coming in a saloon asks for it, because it is the best sporting paper known, and I will always keep it on file for my customers. **J. C. CLAUS.**

"Police Gazette" and "Annual" Are Both Great.

KANSAS CITY, Kan., Sept. 10.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Have been a steady reader of your paper for the last eight years, and I also have one of your vest-pocket "Sporting Annuals." It has come in quite handy a good many times and I have settled a few disputes in the place I work. I am an elevator man at the Armour Packing Plant, and the boys call my place the *POLICE GAZETTE* art gallery. Wishing the great *POLICE GAZETTE* the best of luck, I remain yours truly.

PAUL A. NEWTON,
35 North Second Street.

"Police Gazette" is the World's Sporting Paper.

MONTREAL, Aug. 17, 1900.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed please find ten cents for which send me another of your handy paper holders and oblige a constant reader and a lover of the old reliable and best sporting paper on earth, *THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE*. I get your paper right along, also your handsome supplements. I have my room decorated from the ceiling to the floor with them. I have got a lot of my friends here to become readers of the world's sporting paper, and I promise to get more, as where I am employed they call me their mascot and I praise your paper so well that I have got them to take it every week and I will do all I can in its favor. Believe me I am yours respectfully,

THOMAS J. HOGAN,
Champion Clog Dancer of Canada.

"The Annual" is Wanted in the Philippines.

LALLOO, Luzon, P. I., July 6, 1900.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. There are a lot of young sports in my company, and I am sure that many disputes which arise could easily be settled if we had the "Sporting Annual." Very respectfully,

CORPORAL FRED C. LANG,
Company B, Sixteenth U. S. Infantry, Manila, P. I.

Letters Always Tell the Story.

RICHARD K. FOX,
NEW YORK.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST

CONCERNING THE STAGE LIVES AND DOINGS

OF VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE

Here Can be Found Many Items Which Will Interest Performers as Well as Theatre-Goers.

PROFESSIONALS REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS.

Brief Complimentary Personal Paragraphs Solicited for the Popular Dramatic Page of the "Police Gazette."

Arthur Snow has joined hands with William C. Harris.

★ ★

Marion and Pearl are with Gus Sun's American Minstrels.

★ ★

Zeb and Zarrow, the jumping cyclists, are with Fulgon's European and American Stars this season.

Donola Clarke goes into vaudeville as support for John Abbaugh, Jr.

★ ★

Annie Goldie will open Oct. 1 in San Francisco, Cal., for twelve weeks.

★ ★

"Honey Boy" George Evans opens his regular vaudeville season in Boston, with his time solidly



Photo by Elmer Clickering, Boston.

HELEN BROOKS.

A Particularly Charming, Shapely and Gifted Young Woman who can Pose as well as Act.

They are presenting a new act, including several sensational feats.

Tom Hardie will hereafter work alone doing his acrobatic tramp specialty.

★ ★

The Lavernes have signed with Harold Cox for his circuit of fairs in New England.

★ ★

Kitty Miley is playing the Star Theatre, Brooklyn, this week with Sheridan's City Sports Company.

★ ★

Marshall E. Tilton has signed for the season with Barlow and Wilson's Greater New York Minstrels.

★ ★

Walter Thompson has joined Wesson and Walters for the season to play the principal vaudeville houses.

★ ★

The Esmeralda Sisters, Mable and Edna, and the Brauneck Sisters are with Boyle and Smith's "Star Boarder" Company.

★ ★

James Bensley, equilibrist, has closed a successful engagement of four weeks at the parks in Montreal, Can.

★ ★

The Elinore Sisters will put on a new act called "The Adventures of Bridget McGuire," at Buffalo, on Oct. 1.

★ ★

James McBride, late of the McBride Bros., and Frank Reto are working together, playing J. W. Gorman's circuit of parks.

★ ★

The Pantzer Trio sailed for London Sept. 12, to open at the Alhambra, for an indefinite engagement under an exclusive contract Sept. 20. At the termination of their Alhambra date they come back to play a

booked until spring. His dates include a tour of the Orpheum circuit.

★ ★

Bell and Albion open with Gus Hill's Western Vaudeville company at Leaside, Ill.

★ ★

Sidney Perrin has assumed the stage management of Pat Chappelle's "A R. B. B. Foot."

★ ★

Hays and Smith have finished fifteen weeks of parks through Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

★ ★

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few bookings, including the Orpheum circuit, and then go to Germany for a long run of European contracts.

★ ★

Those who have seen her say that Emma Carus, in tight, is a bewildering vision of curves.

★ ★

The Connors, Larry and Annie, created such a favorable impression at Tony Pastor's that they were at once re-engaged.

★ ★

James Ingraham has joined hands with Busby and Burt. They will be known as Ingraham, Busby and Burt.

★ ★

Ellen Hallisch has signed with Ingraham, Busby and Burt's Metropolitan Stars for the season. Rehearsals begin next week.

★ ★

Johnston and Hilliard opened their season with Miner and Van's Bohemian Burlesquers at the Court Street Theatre, Buffalo.

★ ★

The Aherns, acrobats, have finished their summer tour over the J. K. Burke park circuit and are now playing the Moore circuit.

★ ★

Eddie Leslie and Mlle. Carrie opened their season with Clark Bros' Royals Aug. 27. Both are doing single specialties in the olio.

★ ★

Carrington and Holland opened at Bay City, Mich., in their successful operetta, by Arthur Lamb, entitled "A Ready Made Brigand."

★ ★

J. Knox Gayin and Jennie Platt have accepted George Taggart's new sketch, written for them. They will present it in New York next month.

★ ★

Jean Cunningham has signed with Hayes and Lytton's "A Wise Guy" company, No. 1, to play the kid part and do her single specialty.

★ ★

Clarice Vance, "The Southern Singer," who is rapidly developing as a writer, has just finished a comedy act which she hopes will be very successful. It is said to be very original.

★ ★

Wesson and Walters opened at Electric Park, Kansas City, as the headliners and made a pronounced hit. Their press notices were very flattering. Mr. Wesson sang his new song, "When I was a Married Man," with great success.

★ ★

Payne Brothers introduced a novelty last week at Keith's. One of them is a cartoonist and he has drawn several comic pictures, which are shown while his brother sings ballads in a most serious way. The effect is very good and the act made a very tidy little hit.

★ ★

Blocksom and Burns and Annie Hart, after a pleasant vacation of fourteen weeks at Mr. Blocksom's home at Fair Haven, N. J., on the Sarewbury river, commenced their season at the New York Theatre roof. They have almost the entire season booked in the leading vaudeville houses and their first open date is Feb. 4.

★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Chick have just closed a season of fifty-seven weeks. Now they are going to rest a bit at their Atlanta, Ga., home.

★ ★

Isham's Octoroons, which comprises some of the best and shapeliest soubrettes on the American stage, will soon appear at Clarksville, Tenn., for the first time.

★ ★

Billy McClain, Mme. Cordelia, Charles W. Holker and Ida May broke the record of the Tivoli Theatre at Sydney, Australia, recently, by taking four curtain calls. They were congratulated by Harry Rickards, the manager of the house.

★ ★

Bijou L. Price, who is really one of the Bell Sisters, has developed into a sure enough pedestrian. She is living at Atlantic City, N. J., and she covers the length and breadth of the famous board walk four times between sunrise and sunset every day.

★ ★

When Al. Fostell and his wife, Miss Emmett, returned to their home in New York after a successful tour of twelve weeks that they had broken into their flat and stolen a large quantity of valuable jewelry. As if to offset the loss there were two packages from Manila awaiting Fostell. They were from Albert P. Smith, the American champion buck and wing dancer, and contained some very interesting souvenirs.

★ ★

"The Shirt Waist Man" will soon make his professional debut in the nature of a farce comedy sketch presented by Dolph and Gili, two clever comedians, who have made a name for themselves in the West. Barney Gerard, the youngest playwright, is the author of their new act, which is in itself a guarantee of its merit and of success. Mr. Gerard is busy writing a farce comedy sketch which it is said will be a departure from the average playlets presented in vaudeville to-day.

★ ★

Charles and Mamie Dockman, champion bag punchers of the world, gave an exhibition of bag punching and boxing at a smoker given at the Los Angeles Athletic Club in Los Angeles, Cal., recently. Mamie Dockman was presented with a beautiful bouquet of carnations and tube roses at the Vienna Buffet after the smoker by the club members. The Dockmans have made a great success with their novelty. Mamie Dockman receives nightly repented encores for her dancing and cakewalking while juggling and balancing a chair in her mouth.

★ ★

Books Worth Reading

"The Fate of a Libertine," "Devil's Compact," "Woman and Her Lover," "A Fatal Sin," and "A Prisoner's Story," 25 cents each. Mailed to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

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★ ★

ARIZONA GIRL RIDES

TWICE A WEEK WITH MAIL

THROUGH LONELY DESERT

She Covers Fifty-two Miles With Her Little Pony, and She Has Met With Many Startling Adventures.

SHE IS AN EXPERT RIFLE SHOT AND ISN'T AT ALL AFRAID

Once She Came Across a Dying Man and She Ministered to Him Until the End. Bandits and Bears Have No Terrors for Her.

From St. Johns to Jintown, Ariz., it is fifty-two miles, and the people who travel the road call it the "star route," because it is the worst road in the country. It leads through a wild, desolate region full of Indians, who are willing to take a chance, and poisoned with alkali. Nothing in the way of vegetation can grow there. Along this lone-some trail a woman travels twice a week, and it is a rare thing for her to have company. She is hardly a woman, either, for she has just passed out of her girlhood, but she has a woman's figure and a man's heart. She carries the mail between the two towns, and the United States Government pays her for it.

Notwithstanding her uncommon occupation and the depressing loneliness of the long ride, she is always light-hearted, and although she realizes that constant watchfulness and coolness are requisite in the performance of her duties, she is seldom nervous. She is simply a resolute girl, who knows that she has a duty to perform, however hazardous it may be, for the benefit of her invalid father and her little brothers and sisters. She is always armed with shooting irons, and when a child she was the crack shot of the mining camp at Harqua Hala.

She wears garments adapted to her work. Her hat is a wide straw. She wears short skirts of blue serge, a corset or canvas jacket, leather leggings and heavy shoes. A belt and holster, in which a fine pistol rests, is always about her waist when she is on her horse.

Then she has another revolver and a lot of cartridges in her saddlebags. The mail pouch, a small one, is fastened on the rear of the saddle. When chafed by a visitor about the probable uselessness of their martial display, she drew a gun as quickly and as deftly as a professional shooting man could do it, held it out with a firm hand and a steady arm, and put all six bullets into a playing card posted 30 paces away.

"I've never had any occasion to use it in earnest," she said the other day, "but I always feel safer with it. I'd as soon think of starting out without my mail bags as without my revolver. My father taught me to use it, and I practice with it constantly. Would I use it if I had to? Well, would I if I should say so. In the first place I've got to protect the property that is in my charge, and I'd do it with my last breath and my last cartridge. And, besides, I might have to protect myself some time, although I never feel any anxiety about that."

"Have you ever been frightened by anything on one of these trips?"

"N—no, not really frightened, although I've been rather anxious sometimes. And once I would have been very much frightened if I hadn't had a companion, and if it hadn't been a Mormon. I see you don't understand," she went on, smiling at the look of surprise on her questioner's face; "but one Mormon is as much protection against a band of Navajo Indians as any army regiment would be. You see, there are lots and lots of Mormon ranches and settlements all through this part of Arizona, and the Mormons have always been on good terms with the Indians. Most of the men speak the Navajo language and are so friendly with them that the Indians will not do anything a Mormon tells them not to do."

"Well, once last fall this man, a Mormon, was riding on one of father's horses with me. He was on his way to Showlow, and we were about twenty miles southwest of St. Johns, when we saw a band of Indians. It is not usual for the Navajos to come so far south, although they range constantly over the lava plains farther north, and kill people there every year."

"But this time a band of five of them rode down to the very road from behind some heaps of lava rocks before we knew they were there. They called to us and the Mormon answered them, and then they jabbered together for a few minutes, after which the Indians rode off to the north again. As the Mormon was with me I knew there wasn't a particle of danger, but if he hadn't been there I would have been a badly scared girl, I tell you."

"The most memorable experience I ever had was last August, one day when the mercury must have been at about 115. I was jogging slowly over, the spur

of the Red Mountains and was passing through a shallow gulch among bowlders of lava and other forbidding things in this dreadful desert waste, when I heard a groan. Even my horse was startled at the sound and stood still. One goes for a whole day there without seeing a living creature, except an occasional bird,



EDYTH MURRAY.

Coon Shouter and Buck and Wing Dancer who is a Member of the Ben Harney Trio.

or hearing a sound of any kind. So the human groan was quite unnerving for a moment. I reached for my pistol at my side, when I heard another groan evidently made to attract my attention. I raised my pistol. A bleeding hand appeared above a bowlder about thirty feet from the trail, and then the form of a Mexican who seemed to be trying to get on his feet.

"I saw he had been lying or crouching behind the bowlder and that he was trying to get up to see me, either to shoot at me or to try to get me to come to him. His face was bloody, and I never saw a more horrible specimen of a human being and never thought so fast and so much before. Every bandit story I had ever read, every story of Apache Kid and his murderous gang, went through my mind as I sat there with my cocked pistol aimed straight at the bloody, repulsive wretch trying to get on his feet by holding on the bowlder."

"I neither spoke nor stirred. I kept my gaze steadily on the Mexican. I saw a rifle lying close beside him, and I knew he was a good shot, as all the Mexicans are in the region. Finally, after what seemed an age, the fellow managed to speak to me. I then saw that he had been shot in the cheek, so that his jaw was broken, and, while he was semi-delirious with pain and loss of blood, he could not control his mouth. He knew that I was frightened, and he tried to tell me by his mumbled words and his feeble motions that he was unarmed and wanted my help in his distress. I dismounted, and, going over to the bowlder with my pistol still in my hand, I saw another Mexican stretched out there on his back with his eyes staring straight and his mouth wide open. The Mexican who had called me there sank back upon the ground from sheer exhaustion, when I came near to him. I gave him half of the water in the canteen on my horse and fixed up a contrivance with his blanket by which the hot sunshine was kept out of his eyes. It may seem very little to do for a person in that horrible condition, but it was all I could do. I sopped a corner of a rag in a tin cup of water and washed as best I could the wounds about the man's face. That gave him some relief."

"He managed to tell me that he and his dead comrade had had a war of words on the trail across the mountains. They were evidently abandoned, half-civilized beings. The dead man attacked his comrade with a pistol, and the other could not reach for his own pistol quick enough to shoot back. Instead, the attacked Mexican drew his bowie knife, and the two men

climbed in a mortal embrace. Each man held the other with a powerful grip, and neither gave nor asked quarter until death came to one. While the attacking man pressed his pistol against his antagonist's body and discharged every cartridge in it into the man, the latter drove his bowie knife again and again into his antagonist, but the seven pistol balls in the other man brought death a half hour after I reached there. The shooting had probably occurred five hours before I came riding along that way. When the man died I mounted my horse and, hot as it was, went galloping over toward Jintown, where I told of the scene I had come upon. A constable started back at once over the trail."

"Have I ever seen any bears on my mail route? Yes; often in the spring and fall months. Only last March I turned a bend in the road among the foothills of the Mongolian Mountains, and there, not half a mile ahead, were two black bears and two cubs trudging slowly along. I looked to my shooting irons, but I knew enough about bears not to wound one unless I knew I can certainly kill it at the next shot or I see positively where there is an avenue of escape open to me when hard pressed by Bruin. A bear, unless wounded or mad or crazy hungry, will get out of one's way on the least chance of escape. So I put my hands to my mouth and yelled and made hideous noises to inform the bear family of my approach. The beasts stopped a second, at my first shout, looked back, and then made for the nearest hiding spot among the rocks. By the time I reached the place where the beasts had left the road I saw nothing of them but tracks. I see coyotes every week, but I have never seen a mountain lion, and that's what I should really like to watch some day. The mountain lion, so old-time hunters and trappers say, is the most wonderful acrobat in the world."

"I have no fear of bandits. The mail I carry never has anything valuable in it, and I let that fact be known everywhere. Besides, the country through which I travel is so utterly good-for-nothing that a Jack rabbit would have a hard rustle for a living in it, and bandits would have hard picking off the few poor, fatigued prospectors who go that way. If I should, however, be held up I'd be sensible. As I have just said, I never carry valuables and any bandit can look through the mail pouch to his heart's content before I'm going to be shot. I'd, however, put my long practice at firearms into good use rather than let any one intentionally run over me on the route."

MAUD NELSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Maud Nelson, who is very well known in vaudeville, has signed for the season with Howard and Emerson's "A New York Girl." Last year she was with Jacobs and Lowry's "Merry Maidens" Company.

FLOORED WITH A PUNCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The average American girl of the present day is not only athletic but plucky as well, and there is a good-looking mascot of Wichita, Kan., who has just begun to realize that fact. He has learned a lesson, too, and every time he hears the name "Birdie" he will have a pain in his jaw. He was taking a leisurely stroll the other afternoon when he met two particularly good-looking girls who were laughing and chatting as if they hadn't a care in the world.

As he approached them he lifted his hat in a most Chesterfieldian manner, and remarked, suavely:

"Hello, Birdie! Taking a little walk?" The laugh left their faces and their eyes flashed fire. It was evident he had made a mistake. He did not see the error of his ways in time, however, for he stood his ground, bowing and smiling.

In about ten seconds a plump, but hard, little right



BERTHA AND WILLIAM KRIBS.

A Pair of Precocious Youngsters of Brooklyn, N. Y., who are the Youngest Musicians in the World.

flist shot out and four sharp knuckles struck him in that place which pugilists designate as "the spot." He went down in a heap, like a bale of hay dumped off the tail end of a truck. He saw a cluster of shooting stars with a few comets and eclipses thrown in. When he found out where he was and who he was, the girls were gone and a kind-hearted citizen helped him to his feet.

"She kinder caught you a hot one that time, didn't she?" he remarked. But the punched one gave out no answer, and slouched forlornly down the street.

POLICE GAZETTE

GALLERY AND REVIEW OF

POPULAR RESORTS

Fitzgerald Brothers' Handsome Bar at Peoria, Ill.

U. S. SALOON AT HARRISBURG

The Old Lucky Number, Tom Davis' Famous Hostelry, at Kansas City.

(No. 76—With Photo.)

Fitzgerald Brothers' saloon is one of the most popular resorts in Peoria, Ill. The place is owned and run by John and Jim Fitzgerald, both of whom are jolly good fellows and both stand ace high with the sporting fraternity.

Besides the saloon they also have a fine billiard parlor where many games are very excitingly contested. Fitzgerald Brothers' saloon is located at the corner of Chestnut and Adams street, in the heart of the city and not far from the Union station. The place is frequented by the sporting element to a great extent.

In view of the fact that they are both deeply interested in sports it is almost needless to state that the POLICE GAZETTE is not only a most welcome weekly visitor, but is kept on file for the benefit and convenience of the many patrons.

UNITED STATES HOTEL BAR.

(No. 77—With Photo.)

Jesse Hedrick, proprietor of the United States Hotel, is one of the best known hotel men in Harrisburg, Pa. His fine hostelry has been the stopping place for John L. Sullivan and all the other well-known sporting men. He is a backer of pugilists, and his hotel is the resort of all the lovers of sports. Of course, the POLICE GAZETTE is Mr. Hedrick's favorite sporting paper and is always kept on file in the barroom.

PINDER'S SPORTING SALOON.

(No. 78—With Photo.)

The colored sporting men of Baltimore City, Md., all go to Thomas S. Pinder's place, at 828 Parish street, when they want a drink or are looking for a sporting argument. The bar is well stocked with the best liquors, and there is a POLICE GAZETTE always on hand where it is convenient.

Pinder himself is a good all-around sport, and he has won many a bank roll in betting on the best man in a glove contest.

THE OLD LUCKY NUMBER.

(No. 79—With Photo.)

Tom Davis, the owner of The Lucky Number Saloon, was born in Alliance, O., in 1854. He attended school and played marbles with President McKinley at Mt. Union College. He went to Kansas City, Mo., in 1886, and engaged in business by opening a high-class saloon at 1711 Grand avenue, which he named The Lucky

Number. By close application and big-heartedness he has established a large and lucrative business and surrounded himself with a host of friends, turning the same to a good account, being recognized as a power in politics.

His place is highly decorated and adorned with fine and very elaborate scenes, sporting pictures and novelties. Tom is a hale fellow well met, and one who greets all who come with a friendly smile, an open hand and a hearty welcome.

He is ably assisted in the entertainment of his numerous guests by Mr. Ray Beghtol, a royal fellow, and a good dispenser of good things.

CORDERO.

Miss Dori Cordero, whose portrait appears on page 4, has played all through the West, meeting with great success wherever she has appeared. As a singer of coon songs she has always captured her audiences. Outside of the profession she has friends by the score who will be pleased to hear of her success. Miss Cordero is at present playing a return date at the International Theatre, Roseland, N. C.

AUTHENTIC RECORDS

Athletic, Aquatic, Bicycle, Baseball, Tug and Pugilistic Records complete in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Price 10 cents. All newspapers, or direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

ALBERT GRIFFITHS (Young Griffo) Is Next Week's FREE Halftone Supplement—It Is a Good One



Photo from Elita Studio, San Francisco.

DORITA CORDERO.

SHE SINGS COON SONGS IN A FETCHING WAY ON THE PACIFIC COAST
WHERE SHE IS A PRIME VAUDEVILLE FAVORITE.



Photo by Hayes, Detroit.

MAUD NELSON.

SHE ISN'T AN EGYPTIAN, AT ALL; SIMPLY A GOOD
LOOKING YOUNG AMERICAN BURLESQUER.



Photo by Hana, London.

EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY.

CLEVER AMERICAN BURLESQUER WHO IS SHOWING ENGLAND
THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE DUDE.



Photo by Harrison, New York.

MARIE DRESSLER.

TALENTED ACTRESS WHO WILL HEAD HER OWN COMPANY THIS
SEASON IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.



Photo by J. J. Williams, Honolulu.

CHARLES F. CHILLINGSWORTH.
HANDSOME AND CAPABLE YOUNG DEPUTY
MARSHAL OF HONOLULU.



Photo by Talmadge, Edgerton.

HAZEL LEITZINGER.
A FOUR-YEAR-OLD OF EDGERTON, WIS.,
WHO IS A BRIGHT ORATOR.



MASTER MARTIN.
OLD-TIME MINSTREL WHO IS STILL
A GREAT PUBLIC FAVORITE.



Photo by Huff, Newark.

ZEREETH TRIO.
THEY ARE EDDIE, DENNALLA AND IDA AND THEIR THEATRICAL EFFORTS
ARE ARTISTIC, REFINED AND FINISHED.



Photo by E. James, N. Y. Tribune.

STANLEY ROSS.
CLEVER JUVENILE ACTOR WHO IS A FAVORITE
IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Photo from Palm Studio, Oakland.

LE CLAIR ZELLENO.
YOUNG MAGICIAN WITH COLUMBIAN
VAUDEVILLE COMPANY.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

AL. EMMETT FOSTELL.
CLEVEREST OF GERMAN COMEDIANS OF THE NOTED
TEAM OF FOSTELL AND EMMETT.



Photo by Kingling.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS.
EXPERT BOXER AND CHAMPION
CAKE-WALKER OF BALTIMORE.

THOUSANDS KILLED IN A FIERCE TEXAS CYCLONE

The City of Galveston Laid Waste by a Fearful Storm Which
Swept Over it From the Gulf.

DEATH ROLL WILL REACH 5,000.

Scenes of Unspeakable Horror Follow the Calamity and Angry Citizens Shoot
Down Ghouls Caught Robbing the Dead.

Galveston, the Queen City of the South, the seaport of Texas, and one of the most flourishing and important cities in the Lone Star State, lays in ruins, wrecked by a tropical hurricane, which killed at least 5,000 persons, destroyed public buildings and private residences, and left a ruin where was once prosperity. The loss in business and property will not fall far short of \$30,000,000.

To tell the awful story in detail would take pages of the POLICE GAZETTE, while to narrate the horrors would be to write on indefinitely. All of the shipping is destroyed and the miles of wharfage along the bay and ocean fronts has entirely disappeared, and even the graveyards have been swept away.

Armed men patrol the streets and every night, negroes and whites, who are found plundering the dead, are shot down. There has been a great deal of looting, and it is said that over 500 ghouls have been killed by the soldiers who have caught them at their work.

The storm broke on the afternoon of the 8th inst., and raged with great violence until the following morning.

Almost immediately the streets were deserted, but when the more lightly built houses began to sway later and it became dangerous to stay within, some people came into the streets again.

Men tied their wives and children to them with ropes and stood out in the open, dodging flying timbers and the elements rather than chance being crushed to death within doors.

The streets rapidly became flooded. Shutters and doors were cut down in many instances with axes and used as rafts. The medley of cries and shrieks of the women and children and even of stout hearted men was weird.

Men and women stood on rafts and prayed. Some were seen to succumb and fall lifeless into the waters.

The combats lashed up by the gale were fierce in their death dealing power. Houses bordering the ocean and bay front could be heard crashing to destruction, the cries of the dying mingling with the weird screech of the gale. Almost through a ghastly night this scene lived on, but at last a hiatus occurred and parting clouds permitted a ray of moonlight to irradiate the tormented sea and seething island.

When daylight broke over the expanse of floating bodies, rubbish heaps and ruins, all that remained of the prosperous city, a few leading citizens assembled in several feet of water at a street corner and called a meeting at Tremont Hall, to which they adjourned.

A Committee of Public Safety of the fifteen leading citizens was formed, and Colonel J. H. Hawley, one of the best known men in Texas, was made chairman. He, Mayor Walter C. Jones and Chief of Police Edward Ketchum formed a triumvirate with absolute power and declared the city under martial law.

They made Major L. R. D. Fayling chief of all the military forces, and as soon as the authority was received the major collected a handful of half-naked, barefooted soldiers, clothed them, supplied them with food and put them under command of Captain Edward Rogers. Around this nucleus of a force he has built up to meet the necessities of the situation his present force of three full companies of volunteer soldiers and a troop of cavalry.

A horde of negroes and whites—even white women—were in the ruins of the city. They were robbing the dead and dying, killing those who resisted, cutting off fingers to obtain rings and ears to obtain earrings. Drunken men reeled about the streets intimidating citizens.

Chief of Police Ketchum ordered the sale of liquor stopped, and began to swear in hundreds of special policemen to rescue the wounded, feed the living and convey the dead to a hundred different morgues. He worked for thirty-six hours without going home to inquire about his family's fate, which was in doubt.

When told he should do so, he replied characteristically, "God will be good to me and mine, for I am going to be good to others."

The dead, mangled and crushed beyond recognition, were dragged from the river by the rescuers, all citizens joining in the gruesome work.

The stench from the dead by Monday morning was unbearable. Estimates by citizens of Galveston next morning place the number of dead at from 2,000 to 3,000. Four hundred were found floating to Virginia Point, across the bay, Monday. The streets contained a thousand in sight.

The three men ruling the city pressed citizens into service to take the dead out in barges and bury them in the Gulf. The soldiers impressed into service, at the point of the bayonet, every wagon that came along and every able-bodied negro to assist in throwing the dead into the sea. It was impossible to give other burial.

Major Fayling marched his troops through the town and forced every man he met at the point of the bayonet to go to the wharves to load bodies on barges for the sea.

Negroes, business and professional men were driven

to the water front, surrounded by a cordon of bayonets and loaded rifles and compelled to assist in the handling of the dead.

The regular soldiers, who had been working for two days with bloody feet, were utterly exhausted by Monday evening, and were assembled by Col. Rafferty and put in a hastily extemporized hospital, which was formerly a church. Their places were filled by Major Fayling with new recruits, whom he drafted on the

the relief of the inhabitants who were left alive, but without clothing, food or any of the actual necessities of life, and every railroad running South carried its load of contributed freight to Galveston.

It is estimated that 10,000 persons are homeless and destitute. A great many were sheltered in box cars, while hotels, school houses and churches are occupied with them.

The latest appeal sent out for help is as follows: "Five thousand families are shelterless and wholly destitute. The entire remainder of the population is suffering in greater or less degree. Not a single church, school or charitable institution, of which Galveston had so many, is left intact. Not a building escaped damage, and half the whole number were entirely obliterated. There is immediate need for food, clothing and household goods of all kinds. If nearby cities will open asylums for women and children, the situation will be greatly relieved. Coast cities should send us water as well as provisions, including kerosene oil, gasoline and candles."

ZEREETH TRIO.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The Zereeth Trio, Eddie, Dennalia and Ida, is a fine combination of wit, cleverness, talent and beauty. All three are great favorites and they have appeared with considerable success in the best vaudeville houses in



TESS AND SOL BUSCH.

Youthful Team of Song and Dance Artists and Cakewalkers who have Caught the Public.

streets and supplied with arms and equipment from the local armory.

Every part of the city was patrolled by six o'clock in the evening. Among many other incidents was the besieging of the squad guarding St. Mary's Hospital. They were surrounded by a horde of armed negro thieves. Several shots were exchanged. Sergeant Camp killed four negroes with his rifle, and about ten or twelve were killed by the squad.

The soldiers have since been picketing the city, doing fourteen hours' duty without rest. Every hour during the night a fresh negro shooting was reported at headquarters.

The Hotel Tremont was fixed up a bit the second day after the flood, and the first breakfast was served. It consisted of a small piece of bacon and a cup of coffee. The city water supply was ruined and it became necessary to bring the water from Houston by tug boat.

Captain Rafferty, commanding the post, escaped with his wife and children by creeping from under huge timbers and rubbish. The captain, with his wife, swam through torrents of water to a place of safety. A private saved Captain Rafferty's two infant children by swimming through the drifting wreck of the captain's home to higher ground.

The entire country, as soon as the magnitude of the disaster became known, at once began to contribute to

NOTED SPORTING PICTURES

FREE—Elegant half-tone productions. Jeffries, McCoy, McGovern, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—YOUNG GRIFFO. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.

the country. They have a fine home in Newark, N. J., where they spend the time when they are not engaged.

LEONARD CARROLL'S POOL ROOM.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Marietta, Pa., can boast of as good a pool room as there is in the State. It is owned by Leonard Carroll, a well known sport, and has been the scene of many important and warmly contested matches. It is needless to say that the POLICE GAZETTE is always kept on file.

SAMUEL PHILLIP.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Samuel Phillip is a Baltimore boy who can box enough to make it interesting for any man his weight. His chief claim to fame, however, lies in his cakewalking. He is the champion of Maryland and is ready to meet all comers at the game.

AL. EMMETT FOSTELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are few better German comedians than Al. Emmett Fostell, who was formerly with Joe Flynn, the man who wrote "Down West McGinty," but who is now the senior member of the team of Fostell and Emmett. He has played in the leading vaudeville houses of the country and he is a most finished and clever performer.

NEWSY GOSSIP OF BALL PLAYERS

Items of Interest About the Doings of
the Heroes of the Diamond.

Lajoie has won back most of his Quaker admirers by his good ball playing.

Since July 13 the Pittsburg team has played the best ball in the League, winning 24 and losing 12. Brooklyn comes next.

Seymour and Doheny are back with the New Yorks. Seymour says he is in good shape, and his name will again be placed on the pay roll.

The Boston men are not running out their hits or taking chances on the bases. The introduction of bicycles might help the boys out during the hot spell.

President Dreyfuss, after a visit to Worcester, announces that First Baseman Bransfield is truly a wonderful player, and that he will be seen with Pittsburg before the close of the season.

Padden and Isbell, of the Chicago Club, will be members of Connie Mack's proposed aggregation that will make a tour of the West and South. The cream of the American League will be picked out by the manager of the Brewers.

"Jiggs" Donohue, catcher for the Dayton Interstate team, has been purchased by the Pittsburg team. Dayton got \$1,000 and Catcher Deal for him. Donohue is a left-handed catcher and stands fourth in batting and second in base running in the Interstate League.

Dummy Hoy, who was secured after much dickering by Comiskey's Chicago American League team, has been "making good" in great style of late. Hoy is a warm favorite with the Windy City rooters and they take much pride in his work this season in centre field.

The abolishing of the double umpire system was anything but economical, for it was an incentive to more kicking and consequent rows and delays, which completely nauseated the baseball public. Yet only one magazine voted for the restoration of the double-umpire system.

Frank Regan, formerly of Boston College, has been pitching for Hingham almost the entire season and has won all except one of his games. The Hingham schedule is finished, but Regan is available and would like to finish the season with some strong club. He can be reached at East Boston.

Joe Quinn is still laughing over one of Tim Hurst's quips. Quinn was laughing over the plate while Jack Powell was pitching at St. Louis and Hurst said: "Get back there!" "I'm six inches from the plate," protested the veteran. "Would you call that six inches if you were selling a coffin?" snarled Tim, and Quinn backed up.

President Young of the National League has awarded the championship series between North Attleboro and Attleboro to the former side. The dispute came over the playing of Fox by North Attleboro. President Young states that he cannot find that Fox was ineligible to participate in the games, and therefore dismissed the Attleboro protest.

Encouraged by the fact that Arlie Latham has broken into the National League to spend his declining days, Pete Browning, the Gladiator, thinks there is still room for him and his bad lamps. Pete wants to go out as a "reserve slugger"—a good man in a pinch with the bat and an exceptionally good one to fill in the space on the players' bench. The Soldiers and Sailors League is considering his application.

George Yeager, formerly backstop for the Boston, later of the Detroit American League, is back home. Yeager has had his share of ups and downs during the past season. Three months ago he injured his knee at Detroit. The management carried him five weeks thereafter on the payroll. He was asked to sign a paper that would hold him next year. This he refused to do and was released. Yeager went to Chicago and had his leg treated. The limb is entirely well now, but he will not take a chance to play any more this season.

MARIE DRESSLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Marie Dressler, who gained fame in the Casino, abroad, and then in the vaudeville, is to head a company of her own this year. The play is a musical comedy, entitled "Helen Prinnit," and was expressly written for her by George V. Hobart.

"TIN" FITZGERALD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Tim Fitzgerald, who was formerly one of the most efficient officers of Pine Bluff, Ark., and who won fame and distinction for his many acts of courage, is at present head bartender for Holland and Lampert, leading saloonkeepers. He knows how to mix a drink with the best of them, and his friends say he is an ace.

TESS AND SOL BUSCH.

[WITH PHOTO.]

These clever youngsters have made a decided hit with their buck and wing dancing and cake-walking. They are both clever and their toe work has never yet failed to gain them an encore. They received nothing less than an ovation during their recent appearance at Long Branch and they have invariably had return dates. To Prof. Claude M. Alvine, ballet master of the Grand Opera House, belongs the credit of their clever work.

OVER 1,000 RECIPES

In the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide," Hand-somely bound and copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealer or sent by mail to any address for 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

THE POLICE GAZETTE Of To-day Is A Most Valuable Aid To The Saloonmen and Bartenders

WAS THE CORBETT-McCOY FIGHT A PREARRANGED FAKE?

Mrs. Corbett, Angered by Her Husband's Desertion, Tells an Alleged Inside Story of the Affair.

KID M'COY'S WIFE MAKES AN AFFIDAVIT

Legal Proceedings Which Led to an Interesting Climax---Women Meet and Agree to Wage Battle Against Their Erring Husbands.

If the foremost pugilists in the world continue to provide such surprises as those which were incidental to the first week of the non-existence of a Horton boxing law, sport-loving people need have no fears of suffering from innocuous desuetude or languishing in ennui pending the repeal of the law now responsible for the closing of the big boxing clubs of the metropolis. Jim Corbett started the ball rolling on September 8, when he sailed for England in company with George Considine, his manager, on the Cunard line steamship Campania. The arrangements for Corbett's departure were secretly conducted, and only four of his most trusted friends, including the sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, were on the dock when the steamship cast off her moorings and sped away.

If Corbett's departure was secretly effected, the aftermath was sufficiently warm and enlivening to atone for any indiscreetness on his part in not letting his admirers know of his intentions. Mrs. Vera Corbett, the pugilist's wife, was one of those who were not apprised of his intentions, and her anger when she learned of his departure may be better imagined than described. In several interviews held with her she denounced her recalcitrant husband for deserting her, and characterized his recent fight with McCoy as a fake. There was a rumor current that another passenger on the Campania was a music hall singer who had frequently been seen in Corbett's company, but this phase of the situation did not materially affect Mrs. Corbett's composure, for in the interview referred to she said:

"I know absolutely nothing about this affair as any other woman in connection with his leaving the country. In fact I do not believe that he went with any other woman or on account of any woman. I do believe, however, that he left to escape the disgrace which will be heaped upon him when it becomes known to the general public that his fight with McCoy was a pure fake, out of which Corbett made a large amount of money."

Despite what Mrs. Corbett says the pugilist himself is responsible for the statement that the reason he went away was to avoid the constantly increasing unpleasantness which characterized his domestic affairs. The climax appears to have been reached on the night that Corbett met McCoy in the ring, when he so completely smothered the "Kid."

Corbett on that night was leaving his home on Thirty-fourth street in a carriage with his manager and several friends to drive to Madison Square Garden. His wife followed him to the carriage, it is said, and exclaimed: "I hope McCoy will knock your head off." It is claimed that there was no reason for this display of temper upon Mrs. Corbett's part. It is also known that her exclamation on that occasion had the effect of almost unquenching Corbett.

He is said by those who were with him in the carriage and in his dressing room afterward to have taken the matter very much to heart, and that he entered the ring very despondent. Since the fight matters are said to have grown worse, until Corbett decided to go away. Friends who thought they might be able to patch up the differences found themselves unable to do so, it is said, and they agreed with Corbett that he perhaps had the right idea, and that a sea voyage might be a good thing for all concerned.

It is with Mrs. Corbett's statement that the Corbett and McCoy fight was a fake that the readers of the *POLICE GAZETTE* are most interested, and in connection with that a detailed account of an interview with her which appeared in the *New York Herald* points to the likelihood of a conspiracy. During the interview Mrs. Corbett told the following story of the so-called fight and the incidents leading up to it:

"Jim Corbett firmly believed that he could defeat McCoy, but refused to fight him because if he should be defeated he would lose his popularity. He did not consent to enter the ring until McCoy had agreed to 'throw' the fight. The meeting in my husband's saloon, when it is said that a fight was narrowly averted, was prearranged for the purpose of impressing the public. Then Jim went into training, although there was no need of his doing an hour's work except to make believe that the contest was to be honest."

"Finally some of the men who raised the first \$100,000 to bet on the fight began to fear that Jim would 'throw them down,' and they demanded that he post a forfeit of \$10,000 with a certain well known bookmaker to guarantee that he would make good his part of the bargain and not 'lay down' to McCoy. Jim came to me for the money and I wrote out a check, which he cashed. It was for \$10,000."

"After the fight the money was returned to me, and I was told that the combination had won large sums of money, bets having been made all over the country. Jim told me that a friend of his named Harris had charge of the betting in the West. My husband bet several thousand dollars in this city, and when I last saw him he said he had made about \$50,000 out of the fight."

"I objected when he told me of the scheme to rob the public in the fight with McCoy, but when he insisted I let it go, thinking that it was not a matter for me to in-

terfere in. Now I wish I had made public what I knew before the fight."

Corbett's wife claims to be able to furnish proof absolute in support of the many statements she has made, one of which is the \$10,000 check cancelled "Paid," which she drew for her husband when, as she alleges, he wanted that amount to be deposited as a forfeit to guarantee his part of the agreement with McCoy. She says the \$10,000 was returned to her after the fight.

John Considine, who is Corbett's partner in the cafe at 1303 Broadway, is very indignant and much perturbed over the turn affairs have taken, and says there is not a scintilla of truth in any of Mrs. Corbett's utterances, and that the only real fact in connection with the whole affair is that Corbett has gone away. Considine admits that Corbett left his wife hoping that she would get a divorce from him, but he stoutly asserts that the pugilist did not do so until Mrs. Corbett by her own actions had made it impossible for her husband to live with her.

"Corbett," said Considine, "had a conference with his wife just before he started for Madison Square Garden for his contest with McCoy. The two quarreled, and the woman's last words to her husband were, 'Jim, I hope McCoy will knock your head off to-night!' Now, that remark shows conclusively that at that time Mrs. Corbett knew of no deal for McCoy to lose. She thought that the fight was to be on its merits, and in her anger at her husband she hoped he would be defeated. I have known Corbett and his wife for many years and I know he has been at all times infatuated with her. The only reason he went to Europe was that he thought it best they should separate. Mrs. Corbett had the proceeds from the sale of their home in Harlem, and a few days ago Jim presented her with \$10,000 in cash."

Mrs. Corbett evidently intends to know just what relation she occupies to her husband, for the next ship which sailed for England carried her as a passenger, and it is her intention to force him to return with her or face whatever consequences she has in view. Mrs. Corbett sailed on the St. Louis, of the American line, having previously drawn \$5,000 from her account at the Bank of New Amsterdam for current expenses.

She sent her maid away on a trivial errand, quickly made arrangements for storing the furniture in the flat at No. 215 West Thirty-fourth street, called a cab and drove to Broadway to see D. J. Tobey, an intimate friend of the Corbets. She wanted Mrs. Tobey to accompany her abroad, but Mr. Tobey objected.

Mrs. Corbett's departure, it was told by a friend of Corbett's, was decided upon quickly. She engaged passage and then hurriedly had her household effects placed in a moving van, and carted to a storage warehouse.

At the house the man at the door said that Mrs. Corbett was not at home and would probably not be for a long time.

He admitted that she had gone to Europe in search of her husband. Her maid, he said, did not accompany her.

The news of Mrs. Corbett's departure caused some uneasiness among the pugilist's friends, and several cable messages were sent to Queenstown to apprise him of the situation in time to enable him to prepare plans to thwart the intentions of his angry wife. Miss Jessie Taylor, her maiden name, is believed to be the name under which Mrs. Corbett sailed.

When Mrs. Corbett emphatically stated that the fight with McCoy was a fake there was a general disposition to attribute it to being enraged at her husband's departure, and in her anger, willing to say or do anything which might show Corbett up in an unfavorable way, but subsequent information which came to light through a disarranged condition of affairs in "Kid" McCoy's household seems to point to the likelihood of the story being true.

Almost coincident with Corbett's departure for England it became known that "Kid" McCoy was having some serious domestic troubles which might culminate in legal proceedings. McCoy himself, in his case, took the initiatory step, and his brother Homer served papers upon the former's wife in a legal action.

Mrs. Selby (McCoy's) with whom to think is to act, without any delay consulted Mr. Abe Hummel, of the celebrated legal firm of Howe and Hummel, the result being an order for arrest issued by Judge Scott. McCoy was one of the invited guests of Senator Timothy D. Sullivan's "outing" on that day, and plans were made to arrest him as he was leaving the boat upon its return to New York. When the crowd was leaving the boat McCoy was in company with a Boston gentleman named Murphy, when the deputy sheriff approached him. By a quick movement McCoy and Murphy changed hats. McCoy ran through the crowd

and reached a saloon in Grand street. He was winded after his long run.

After resting he left the saloon and made his way to a Second avenue "L" station, where he boarded a train. He went uptown and disappeared. Detectives were at the Grand Central Station looking for McCoy among the crowd that boarded Sullivan's special train for Saratoga at midnight, but he could not be found.

After remaining in retirement for two days, McCoy emerged from his hiding place, and in company with two bondsmen and his counsel surrendered himself in the sheriff's office and accepted arrest on the warrant sworn out by his wife.

Ball in the sum of \$5,000 was furnished by Moritz Brockman and A. D. Burton.

McCoy, with his attorneys, prepared a statement in answer to the charges of his wife and Mrs. Corbett.

Mrs. Selby asserts that McCoy has made \$100,000 in his recent fights, including that with Corbett. She says that McCoy brought back \$50,000 from the Transvaal, his battle with Peter Maher netted him \$20,000, the Sharkey fight \$25,000 and the recent flacco with Choyuski \$10,000. Mrs. Selby insists that her husband has \$100,000 invested in good securities. McCoy is also charged by his wife with having taken her jewels, worth \$5,000.

Referring to the charge that he purposely lost his fight with Corbett, McCoy said:

"This story is made out of whole cloth by two hysterical women, who have fancied grievances against their husbands—Mrs. Corbett and my wife. Corbett surprised me and won on his merits."

"I did not, and I had no representative to enter into any negotiations with Corbett or any representative of his to have him lay down to me, as I would not take his or any other man's word in any such agreement. I am unable to see where either of us could have gained any prestige or money by being defeated."

"I fought a bad and wrong kind of a fight, by smothering up and not being the aggressor. It was my intention to tire Corbett out, and when he was in that condition to beat him. I was in good condition and unharmed up to the time I received the hard punch in the stomach, a spot where it does not take a very hard punch to incapacitate one from being able to fight for the few seconds."

"I want to state now, as I did immediately after the contest, that I was defeated fairly and squarely, and have no one to blame but myself, but I still believe that I can beat Corbett, and hope some time in the near future to have another chance to prove it."

"I was in debt before I met Corbett, and I have now only my saloon in this city. I have always dealt liberally with my wife, and we have lived well up to my income, besides which I have made several unfortunate investments."

"I wish I had the fortune that Mrs. Selby credits me with. If she will show where I have \$100,000 I will gladly give her half of it."

"I got \$7,000 out of my fight with Maher. There was only \$10,000 in the house. In my fight with Sharkey I got \$5,000. The Choyuski fight netted me only \$2,000."

"I was broke when I commenced training for Sharkey. I borrowed \$1,000 to train on. The same is true of my recent fight with Corbett. I had \$1,000 advanced to me for use in training. These statements can easily be verified."

"Instead of winning money in my bookmaking venture, as is popularly supposed, I lost, and lost heavily."

By a singular coincidence the most important end of Mrs. Selby's answer to her husband's complaint refers to the alleged "fake" fight which Mrs. Corbett alluded to in her statement to the reporters. In her affidavit Mrs. Selby, McCoy's wife, proceeds to charge her husband with having sold out his friends in his fight with Corbett, this portion of her story being as follows:

"Recently my husband has become possessed of a large sum of money, amounting to \$100,000 in cash, which he secured in the following manner:

"As a professional prize fighter, my husband, said Norman Selby, otherwise known as 'Kid McCoy,' entered into a conspiracy. In which a contest was to take place between him and one James J. Corbett, it being prearranged that he was not to try to win said contest, but to permit himself to be defeated; and that the day set for the said professional contest was Aug. 30, 1900."

"Before the said date my husband entered into an agreement with two celebrated bookmakers whereby they were to procure all the money they could and throughout the United States, wherever it was possible to make bets and wagers to the effect that the said James J. Corbett would be the victor in said pretended contest, the said Norman Selby, otherwise known as 'Kid McCoy,' agreeing in the parlance of the prize ring, to 'lay down,' or, in other words, to suffer defeat."

"That, in order to secure themselves against the duplicity of my husband, and as security that he would fulfill his part of the conspiracy, the said bookmakers insisted that my husband deposit a certain amount of money with them, and said Norman Selby, otherwise known as 'Kid McCoy,' did thereupon take from his vault in the New Amsterdam Bank safety deposit vaults Canadian Pacific Railway securities to the amount of \$10,000, which the said plaintiff then owned, and did deposit the same as per the agreement."

"An additional part of the said conspiracy was that the parties got up a cipher code for telegraphing purposes, and from time to time my husband dictated to my telegraph messages, which I wrote, and which were to the effect that McCoy's co-conspirators were to bet that Corbett would be the victor in the said contest."

"My husband accordingly did, on the night of the 30th of August, 1900, 'lay down' and permit himself to be defeated, and obtained his share of the money referred to by me."

"That in addition to the amount this plaintiff received

for allowing Corbett to defeat him, the said plaintiff also received \$22,000 in cash as his share of the purse, the said purse being equally divided between my husband and the said Corbett."

"Besides said sum of \$100,000 and the said sum of \$22,000, my husband received a royalty of \$1,500 a week, derived from the kinetoscope pictures of said pretended contest."

Fate seemed to throw the wives of the two pugilists together in an unexpected manner. They met in the law offices of Howe and Hummel where Mrs. Corbett had gone to have a complaint drawn up in an action to be brought against her recalcitrant liege. Mr. Hummel, with that suavity of manner which is one of his chief characteristics, brought the two ladies together in an informal way. When the introductions were made and acknowledged, Mrs. Selby said:

"I have long thought that we should know each other. We have suffered similarly, and as our husbands are partners in wrongdoing, I think we should assist each other as far as possible."

Mrs. Corbett responded with like sentiments, at the same time expressing deep sympathy for Mrs. Selby, who, she said, had even greater cause for complaint than herself. Mrs. Selby asserts that her husband has left her penniless, while Mrs. Corbett is possessed of a generous bank account.

Mrs. Selby (McCoy's wife) has begun a counter action against her husband. Incidental to the service of the papers in McCoy's action Mrs. Selby made this statement:

"Last Friday night my husband was at our home, and while he was there his brother, Homer Selby, entered the house. After a short conversation he pulled out of his pocket the summons and complaint in this action and served them on me. I hastily read the papers and was surprised to find my husband had brought suit against me."

"I had previously threatened to bring suit against him, and it at once became apparent to me that my husband endeavored to forestall my action by making 'trumped up' charges against me."

"I became indignant, and then and there told them that I would defend the action, and would prove my innocence, thereupon Homer in the presence of my husband said: 'You had better not fight the case, as Norman will settle a good sum of money on you and give you a good allowance. If you don't do it he is going to England to join Corbett, and if he is to have any trouble with you he will never return.'

"I began to remonstrate with my said husband, but he remained silent and left the house with his brother, leaving me absolutely without means."

"At the time of the said statement by my husband's brother, and the acquiescence therein by my husband, that he would go to England to join Corbett, I did not know that said Corbett had left this State and had gone to England."

No one in New York is more distressed over the turn of affairs than James Kennedy, manager of the Twentieth Century Athletic Club, which brought Corbett and McCoy together. He announces his full belief that the fight was honestly conducted, and adds that if there were any prearrangements they were without his knowledge. Mr. Kennedy is of the opinion that the stories which have followed the disappearance of Corbett have made it impossible for fighting to be resumed here. Charley White, who refereed the contest, is of exactly the same opinion.

HAZEL LEITZINGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

It is claimed by the citizens of Elgerton, Wis., that Miss Hazel Leitzinger of that town is the youngest orator in the world. In support of this they point to the fact that she recently addressed 900 people and delivered a most eloquent oration.

A QUINTET OF JERSEY SPORTS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Reading from left to right the young men in the photograph are G. Moren, G. Kenny, F. Kenny, P. Kenny and Sam Nicoll. They are all of Jersey City, N. J., and are all inclined to be sports. Sam Nicoll is known as the sporting barber and musician, and he is at present employed at 792 Newark avenue.

DEWEY, SCHLEY AND SAMPSON.

[WITH PHOTO.]

When three boy babies were born to Donato Vece, a wholesale liquor dealer of 849-51 Grand avenue, New Haven, Conn., some time ago, he christened them after the three naval heroes of the Spanish war. Unfortunately since the cut which appears on another page of this issue was made, two of the youngsters have died.

STANLEY ROSS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is no young actor on the Pacific Coast who is more popular than Stanley Ross, who is with the stock company of the Grand Opera House at San Francisco. At present he is playing the leading part in "A Home-spun Heart" and materially adding to his reputation.

EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the great vaudeville successes of the year in England is Edgar Atchison-Ely, who is doing the specialty he made famous in this country, a burlesque in costume on the possibilities in dress and mannerisms of the future dude. Of him and his act *The Magnet* of Leeds says: "The future dude represented by Edgar Atchison-Ely has previously been pronounced by us to be a huge success. Indeed, this clever American artiste succeeds in presenting a marvellously artistic turn, such as any audience may well be pleased with. Edgar Atchison-Ely is the big feature of the extra special programme at the Southport Winter Gardens this week, and on Monday the masterful artiste came in for a big reception, in fact, the biggest ever given to an artiste visiting Southport. Our portrait shows Edgar Atchison-Ely in one of those particularly curious costumes representative of the future possibilities of dress."

TREATISES ON TRAINING

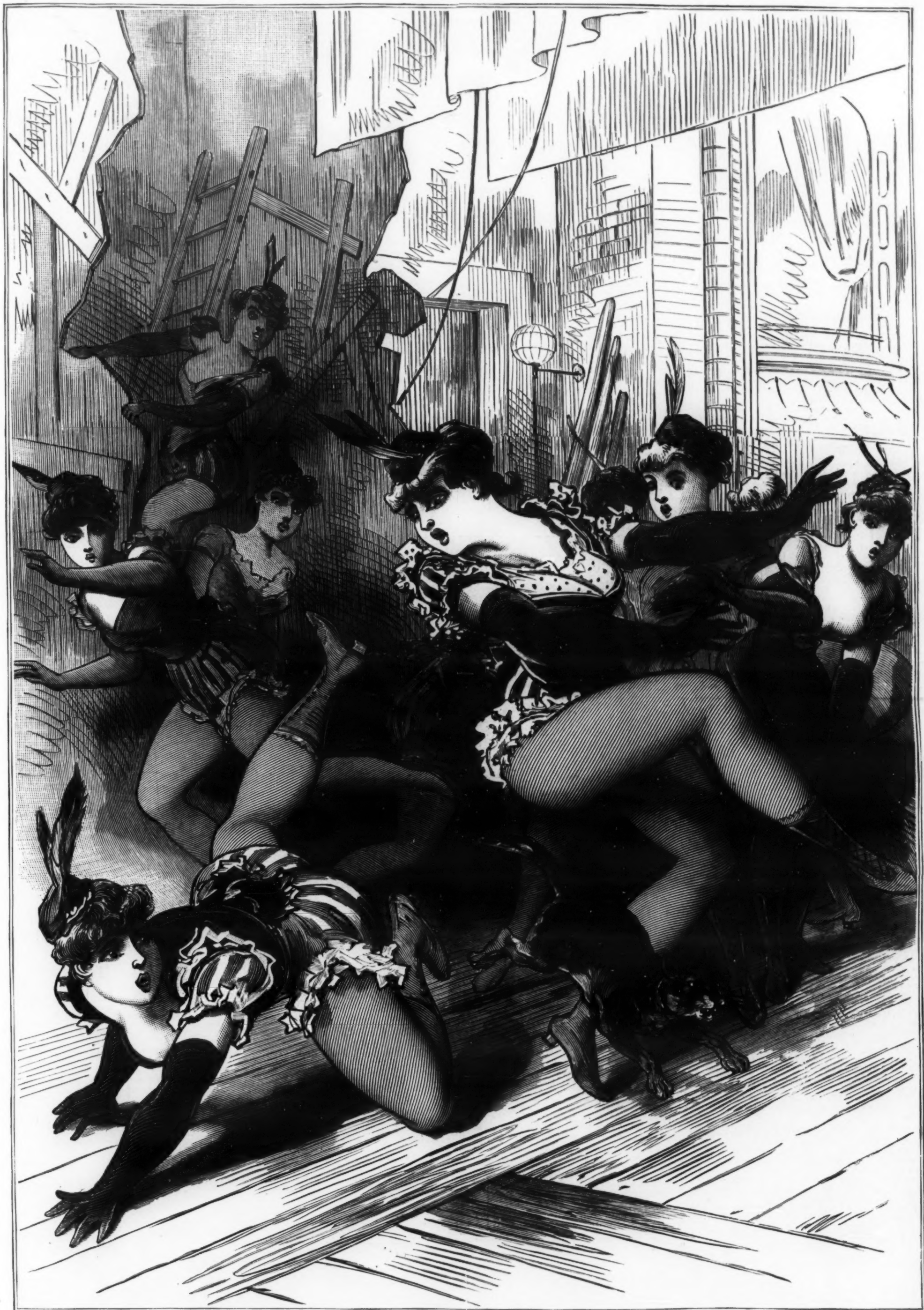
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FLOORED WITH A PUNCH.

ATHLETIC YOUNG WORKING GIRL OF WICHITA, KAN., LANDS A RIGHT-HANDER ON THE SENSITIVE JAW OF A MAN WHO CALLED HER "BIRDIE."



AND THE CAT CAME BACK.

AN ANGRY FELINE RUNS THROUGH A FOREST OF LEGS IN A PITTSBURG, PA.,
THEATRE AND UPSETS SOME OF THE BURLESQUE BEAUTIES.

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SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL

We Cheerfully Furnish Replies to Our Readers—No Reflection Upon Your Intelligence to Ask Questions—We Like to Hear From You.

AMERICAN, HAVRE, Mont.—Send photo and record.
 READER, Stockton, Ill.—There is no specified time.
 E. N. V., Livingston, Mont.—We have no such book.
 T. R. Lott, Dayton, Pa.—See last week's Police Gazette.
 R. F. R., Lebanon, N. H.—Race track, Sheephead Bay, N. I.
 T. E. P., Ironton, O.—Did Corbett knock McCoy out? Yes.
 C. L. G., Stratford, Pa.—See "Police Gazette Annual," 10 cents.

READER, Memphis, Tenn.—We know nothing about their private affairs.
 W. B., New Kensington, Pa.—The State had nothing to do with it.

PHOTOGRAPH.—Was John L. Sullivan champion of the world?
 Schenectady.—Those are matters of opinion and yours is as good as ours.

W. J. H., Memphis, Tenn.—Was Corbett ever champion of the world?
 G. G. G., Hancoc, Mich.—There is no authentic record.

Send along the photo.
 E. S. R., Waco, Tex.—It bet 8 that Jeffries never had a forfeit up to fight Fitzsimmons since their first fight at Coney Island. Who won? Brady claims to have posted \$1,500 two weeks ago on Jeffries' behalf to fight Fitz.

C. G., Chicago.—What was the purse given to the Corbett and Sullivan fight?
 A. S., Centralia, Ill.—Under what rules did Sullivan and Kilrain fight? London Ring Rules.

C. G. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Who did Fitzsimmons marry, Julian's wife or sister?
 L. J. T., Richmond, Va.—"Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 10 cents, contains all the information.

D. G., New York.—In which round did the Walcott-West fight end? Eleventh round, Walcott quit.

C. W. D., Monaca, Ill.—Bet goes with whatever decision umpire gave, irrespective of the number of fouls played.

M. P., Providence, R. I.—Did Chynski ever get the decision over Maher in Chicago? Yes, on Feb. 16; six rounds.

A. D., Fitzgerald, Ga.—I. Norman Sely is McCoy's right name. 2. There was some question about You ou's claim.

H. J. W., St. Augustine, Fla.—J bets that Corbett knocked out McCoy; L bets that he did not. Who wins? J wins.

—Milwaukee, Wis.—D bets B that Corbett would knock McCoy out; B bets he would not. McCoy was knocked out.

J. D., Evansville, Ind.—In his fight with Fitzsimmons at New Orleans was Peter Maher knocked out or did he quit? He quit.

A. W., Belleville, Ill.—A bets B that Sharkey is the richest prize fighter in the ring to-day? He is to the best of our knowledge.

MACK, Memphis, Tenn.—Was Sharkey knocked out by Fitzsimmons, Aug. 24, 1900, or was he counted out? Was McCoy knocked out or counted out on Aug. 30, 1900? Both Sharkey and McCoy were knocked out in their respective fights.

T. P. and W. J., Boise City, Idaho.—A bets B that Jeffries is not the heavyweight champion of the world? Did Jeffries ever meet Ruhlin? I. A. loses. He is the recognized champion of the world. 2. Yes, and boxed a twenty-round draw.

B. F. CARROLL, Ft. Bliss, Tex.—In our opinion it ought to be close and evenly contested for a long period, barring a chance knockout.

T. W. J., Farmer City, Ill.—H bets F that Corbett will knock out McCoy; F bets that he will not. H wins. McCoy was knocked out.

L. P., Cincinnati, O.—Was Sullivan or Corbett ever champion of the world? Who was the first champion of the world? I. No. 2. James Figg.

F. H., Geneva, Ind.—A bets Corbett and Fitzsimmons never met in the ring but once, at Carson City; B bets they have met twice? Only once.

H. D. H., Kansas City, Kan.—Strictly speaking, was "Kid" McCoy knocked out or counted out in his recent fight with Corbett? Knocked out.

O. W., San Jose, Cal.—Can you tell me the address of Arthur Hay; he is concerned in an ice cream factory and has but one arm. Never heard of him.

A. G., Brooklyn.—Inform me if "Kid" Broad and Eddie Leany ever fought a battle at the Hercules A. C. They fought a twenty-round draw at the Hercules on Feb. 5.

G. W. G., Butte City.—Tell me where some one lives that raises Shetland ponies. Write to secretary of Horse Show Association, New York city, for names of breeders.

READER, Butte, Mont.—A bets B that Joe McAuliffe fought Peter Jackson in England; B bets that he didn't fight in England? They fought in San Francisco, Dec. 27, 1898.

READER.—Which is the most scientific boxer, Corbett or Tommy Ryan, including foot work and everything else? Corbett is unquestionably the cleverest boxer the world ever saw.

J. F., Beaufort, S. C.—Which hand is the highest in draw poker, three of a kind or a straight, or a full hand or a flush? Straight beats three of a kind and a full hand beats a flush.

F. S. C., Phoenix, Va.—If there are two pugilists matched to fight for the club that offers the largest purse they have to forfeit so much money for their appearance at the ring side; after they are

A LITTLE WONDER

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Contains records of every branch of sport, illustrated with half-ton portraits of the champions. 10 cents, from your newsdealer or from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

there, and before the fight comes off, one of them is taken ill, doesn't he lose the forfeit just the same? He certainly does. That forfeit is to recompense the club for advertising and other incidental expenses of preparing for the bout.

J. J. D., New Brighton, N. Y.—Inform me if an organized club can have a stag—that is, to have a couple of boxing exhibitions—without police interference. It certainly would be contrary to law.

J. H., East New York.—A bets B that John L. Sullivan fought Kilrain 70 odd rounds in New Orleans; B bets they did not. B wins. They fought at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889. Seventy-five rounds.

T. B. E., East Grand Forks, Minn.—You have been misinformed. Would advise you to secure a manager with capital enough to back you and intelligence enough to place you properly before the public.

SUNSHINE, Picoorville, Idaho.—Where did John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fight and what was the result? Did Tom Sayers ever cross the Atlantic? Farnborough, England; result a draw. 2. No.

E. W. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Bet has been made that Charley Mitchell knocked John L. Sullivan down in Paris during a boxing



Trainer. EDDIE CAIN. Trainer. AL McMURRAY, Handler. KID CARTER. JOE CARTER.
 JOHNNY REAGAN. TOMMY SULLIVAN. C. H. BANG, Manager. HUGH McFADDEN. Trainer

SOME BROOKLYN, N. Y., FISTIC NOTABLES.

Popular Charles Bang, Matchmaker of the Greenwood Athletic Club, and his Galaxy of Aspiring Pugilistic Stars.

bout. Did he? Another bet is that John L. was never champion of this country? I. Mitchell knocked Sullivan down in a bout at Madison Square Garden, New York city, not Paris. 2. Sullivan was champion of America.

P. G., Kenosha, Wis.—In the last fight between Oscar Gardner and Eddie Santry, who won? A bets that Corbett would knock McCoy out in ten rounds; B bets that he would not. Who wins? I. Gardner won. 2. A wins.

C. B. F., Mansfield, O.—H bets that if Ruhlin should fight and defeat Jeffries before he (Ruhlin) fights any one else, that Ruhlin would not be champion of the world; B bets he would. Who wins? Anybody who beats Jeffries will assume his title.

D. JOE FORAN, Dallas, Tex.—A friend of mine wagers me that John C. Heenan and Jim Maco fought a prize fight in the prize ring with each other. I contend they did not. Who is right? You are right, they never fought. He probably confuses Maco and Sayers.

J. T., Mansfield, O.—What was the date of birth of Ned O'Balduin and the year he died? Also of Jack Dempsey and his death? I. Born 1840, died Sept. 29, 1875. 2. Dempsey died Nov. 1, 1895. 3. Other information is in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 10 cents.

W. C. S., St. Paul, Minn.—When did Fitzsimmons become a citizen of the United States. A bets he was a citizen two years ago; B bets he was not. Have no date, but if he declared his intention regularly he was entitled to citizenship two years ago. He is a citizen now, however.

L. F. O., Akron, O.—We have an argument about Fitzsimmons' fight in New Orleans the same week that Corbett defeated Sullivan. We would like to know who Fitz fought with. He did not fight in New Orleans during that week. He fought Maher there in March. Corbett fought in September.

F. J. K., Racine, Wis.—Can a referee declare all bets off in a prize fight? What is a pivot blow? I. Referee is not supposed to be cognizant of any betting and has no right to declare bets off. 2. When a fighter swings around backward and administers a back-hand blow while pivoting.

W. W., Hoboken, N. J.—On several occasions I have read where pugilists wore bandages. Are the bandages the same as the ball players use? Is it only put around the wrist, or is it put around the wrist and across the knuckles? I. Rubber tape, usually. 2. Around wrist and hand below the knuckles.

F. H., Dillon, Mont.—When playing stud poker, where every man takes his turn to deal in order as he sits at the table, after the hole card has been dealt and one deal is in sight, whose bet does it

to count? Is it or is it not the man's bet who holds the best hand in sight, or does it become the man's bet who sets ahead of the dealer, regardless of what he may have after the last card has been dealt off? Best card in sight bet.

E. L. M., Guttenberg, N. J.—Is a goose born to travel in that style or must he be broken in? It is an artificial gait and a horse has to be broken to it.

CORBETT ADMIRER, New York.—Your question has been answered in the Police Gazette at least a hundred times within a year. Look over your back numbers.

W. F. L., Richmond, Va.—How many rounds did Corbett and Mitchell fight in Jacksonville and the date of the same fight? January 25, 1894. Three rounds. You ought to have a "Police Gazette Annual," 10 cents. Contains all records.

CAPT. L. W. L., Norfolk, Va.—Game of ball; Snyder bets 4 to 10 that Norfolk would win; Jones took the \$10 bet. Four innings were played; the game was forfeited, 9 to 0, in favor of Norfolk? Snyder wins, of course. Where can the dispute be?

I. F., Memphis, Tenn.—A bets B that he voted for William J. Bryan in the last presidential election; B claims that he did not vote for Bryan but voted for the electors. Who wins? Was McCoy knocked out or counted out in his last fight with Corbett? I. He voted for Bryan electors. 2. Knocked out.

G. A., Wickford, R. I.—Mr. Gaffney, league umpire, said that he would bet all kinds of money that all bets go with the decision of the game. North Attleboro won the game, 9 to 0; does not all bets go? If a side refuses to play and the umpire decides in favor of the opposing team, all bets go with the decision.

J. L., Lincoln, Ill.—A bets Fitz knocked Maher out in twelve rounds in their fight at New Orleans; B bets Maher was not knocked out but quit, claiming that the blood clogged his nose up so that he couldn't get his wind? Fitz did not knock Maher out at New Orleans. B's explanation is the correct one and he wins.

F. C., Harvey, N. Dak.—How was it that Corbett was never champion heavyweight of the world and Fitzsimmons was after he won from Corbett? Because two recognized champions of different countries fought an international battle which involved the world's championship title and Fitz won. Corbett never won such a battle; neither did Sullivan.

H. K. A., New Brunswick, N. J.—H K A bets J L J that James J. Corbett held the title of champion heavyweight pugilist of the world. J L J bets he never was champion of the world, only of America. Who is right? J L J wins. He was only champion of America. "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 10 cents, contains other information and records.

C. J. W., Westfield, N. Y.—A bets he can beat B in a single broad jump; B jumps first, then A jumps but only ties B; B claims the money as A failed to beat, only tied; is that right? B's version is correct on a technicality, but a good sporting man would refuse to take advantage of it unless there was a thorough understanding about a draw deciding in B's favor.

J. W. McC., Henley, Cal.—Suppose two men in the ring fighting; one is knocked down, and 10 seconds counted before he is able to resume fighting, is that in all cases a knockout? Is there any difference between a count out and a knockout? Was Tom Sharkey, in his last battle with Bob Fitzsimmons, knocked out or counted out? I. He must be unconscious to be literally knocked out. He

MCCOY WANTS

--FOR MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE--

TO FIGHT FITZ

Has No Intention of Leaving the Ring Yet.

HOPES LANKY BOB ACCEPTS

Admits that He is No Match for the Giants of Pugilism.

Despite the existing unpleasantness growing out of his recent affair with Corbett, "Kid" McCoy insists that he has no intention of quitting the ring and that he is ready now at any time to make a match with Bob Fitzsimmons for the middleweight championship. This involves a title he has long coveted, and he realizes that the only way he can come into possession of it is by beating the lanky Cornishman.

Whether or not Fitzsimmons will re-enter the ring to fight McCoy is not known just now. Fitzsimmons saw the "Kid" fight Jim Corbett recently, and as the latter beat him with Fitz's blow it wouldn't be a surprise if Lanky Bob consented to fight McCoy.

When McCoy was asked whether he intended to retire from the ring or continue fighting the "Kid's" face took on a pleasant smile and he said:

"Retire from the ring? Why, I should say not! I had an idea of doing so after my recent defeat at the hands of Corbett, but after thinking it over I have come to the conclusion that I am a young man yet and have decided to stick to the business.

"In doing so I have made up my mind to do one thing, and that is, never to fight another heavy weight.

"I went out of my class to fight these big fellows and the advantage they had over me in height and weight was too much. I will fight only men in the class which I belong to in the future—the middleweight. I can easily make that weight and will only box at 158 pounds hereafter.

"I am anxious to become the middleweight champion of the world and in order to get that title honestly I would like to fight Bob Fitzsimmons for it."

FORBES CLAIMS FOUL.

At St. Joseph, Mo., a few nights ago, Harry Forbes and Chas. Leon went twenty rounds to a draw in one of the prettiest boxing contests seen in that vicinity. Both men fought hard, with Leon exhibiting much of his old cleverness, and accepting considerable punishment. It was a give and take contest from start to finish. In the sixth round Leon landed a stiff right over Harry's right eye, and from that time to the end of the fight Forbes bled freely, Leon keeping the wind open.

Forbes claimed a foul in the seventeenth round from a blow in the groin, and gave evidence of being in great agony by going to the boards, but Referee Jimmy Whitfield, who closely observed the blow, ordered Forbes to his feet on penalty of giving the fight to Leon. Forbes obeyed the referee, and fought a fast aggressive fight until the end, but was unable to dispose of his opponent, who put up a clever and defensive fight.

FIGHTERS IN IDLENESS.

Just at present Greater New York contains several hundred pugilists whose means of livelihood ceased with the expiration of the Haroon law. Some far-seeing ones, more thrifty than the others, saw that the good times must come to an end and engaged in some profitable business, but the great majority of them, now living on the proceeds of former fights, must either go to work or seek a habitation in cities whose laws are more lenient to members of their profession.

Those who are here have arrived in the last two years, coming from the four quarters of the globe. Times were good with them until Sept. 1, for in all the history of boxing so much money was never paid to fighters in the same time as has been paid to them here in the last two years. The good ones became spoiled by the easy game, and promoters in other States find it hard even now to get them to leave New York.

Recently a fistic sport promoter, who understands fighters better than any other manager, said:

"These fellows have become very independent recently. They have a little money in their pockets and refuse to leave New York to fight. Just as soon as they have used up what they have there will be an exodus of fighters. They will go to Philadelphia, Chicago, Connecticut or to any other place where there is a chance to make a dollar. There are a dozen places in the United States where they can make a good living, but they will find no such place as this town. Next to New York there is more money in Connecticut for fighters than any other place where boxing is allowed. Their money won't last long here and there will be few of them in town by the first of December."

GANS DID THE CLINCHING.

Joe Gans has a wholesome respect for George McFadden, a fact made apparent when they engaged in an unsatisfactory six-round contest in Philadelphia on September 7. There was some real hard fighting at times, Gans doing good work when it came to a pinch, but he did not fight any more than he was forced to.

McFadden tried hard, but the Baltimore man slipped his blows very cleverly and immediately after each lead by McFadden a clinch followed. Gans held on so hard that the referee was almost exhausted at the end of the six rounds. In trying to break the men. In one round (the third) there were not more than a dozen blows struck, the remainder of the round being consumed in clinching and holding.

In the first round both men did some fast work at close quarters, but from the start it was evident that McFadden was the stronger, and that Gans was not especially anxious to mix it up with the New York man.

Gans took a brace in the second, and did nearly all the leading, using his left to good advantage, and toward the end of the round he sent in lefts and rights in rapid succession without a return. It was the best showing Gans made in the entire fight.

McFadden had the best of the fourth round, and his blows seemed much more effective than his opponent's. The fifth round was a fast one, and when not clinching Gans did very well and had the best of the round. The sixth round was very even, both doing hard work.

DALY REFUSED TO BOX.

There was a sensational ending to the bout between Andy Daly, of Boston, and Billy Ryan, of Syracuse, in the latter city, owing to Daly's refusal to continue.

In the second round Daly fouled Ryan, sending him to his knees, where he remained for some little time. The Boston boy demanded that Ryan be counted out, but the referee refused to do it. Daly took offense at this and refused to respond when the gong sounded for the third round. Ryan was awarded the decision.

BOBBY DOBBS BADLY PUNCHED.

On a recent occasion at Rochester, N. Y., Bobby Dobbs, the colored fighter of Pittsburgh, fought a fifteen-round draw with Mike Donovan of Rochester. A good-sized house greeted the fighters and there was much enthusiasm shown.

Pat Galvin and "Kid" Hogan furnished the preliminary. As Dobbs and Donovan had fought a fifteen-round bout three weeks before, in which Dobbs had a shade the better of it, the odds were on him. Donovan surprised even his friends by the good showing he made in the second fight, and after the first five rounds had decidedly the best of it.

He started in to lead and kept his colored opponent on the defensive throughout. Dobbs' favoring blow was a left jab, which he followed up each time by clinching. Donovan met these rushes with short right and left half-arm punches, which told on Dobbs before he had gone half the limit.

In the fourteenth round Donovan sent Dobbs down twice, and he came up very groggy. In the fifteenth Donovan endeavored to put the colored lad out, but the time was too short. Sam Erwin was the referee.

After the bout the referee said that had there not been an agreement between the men that it should be a draw if both were on their feet at the end of the fifteen rounds, he would have given the decision to Donovan.

BIG AND LITTLE FIGHTERS

Their records up to date in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. A valuable guide to sporting events. Be sure you get it. Portraits of prominent pugilists. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

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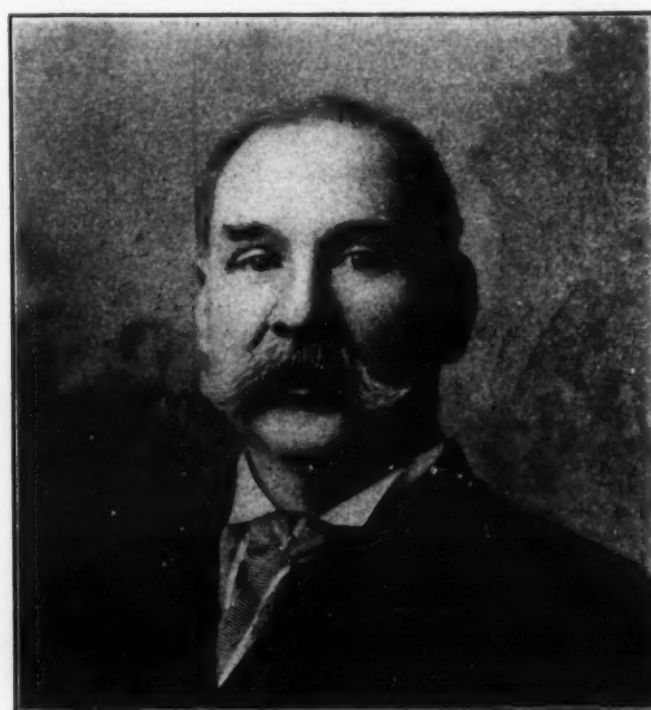
JAMES H. MALONEY.
CHAMPION BUCK AND WING DANCER OF
COLUMBIA BARRACKS, CUBA.



PINDER'S SPORTING SALOON.
WHERE THE COLORED SPORTS OF BALTIMORE CITY, MD., HOLD FORTH AND
WHERE THE POLICE GAZETTE IS KEPT ON THE BAR.



THE OLD LUCKY NUMBER.
A FAMOUS OLD HOSTELRY AT 1711 GRAND AVENUE, KANSAS CITY, MO., OWNED
BY THE GENIAL SPORTING MAN, TOM DAVIS.



TIM FITZGERALD.
CHIEF MIXOLOGIST WITH HOLLAND AND
LAMPERT, PINE BLUFF, ARK.



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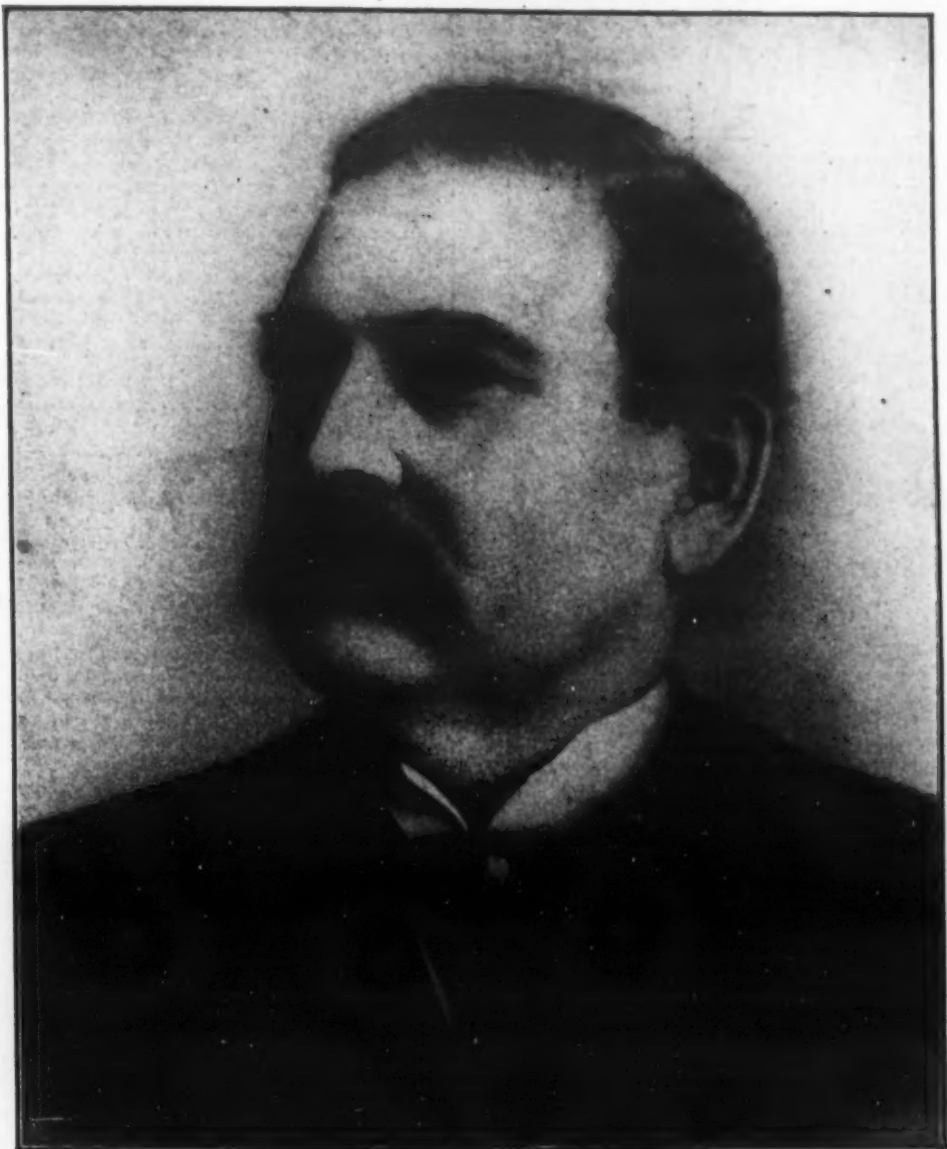


HANDSOME INTERIOR OF THE UNITED STATES HOTEL
BAR AT HARRISBURG, PA.



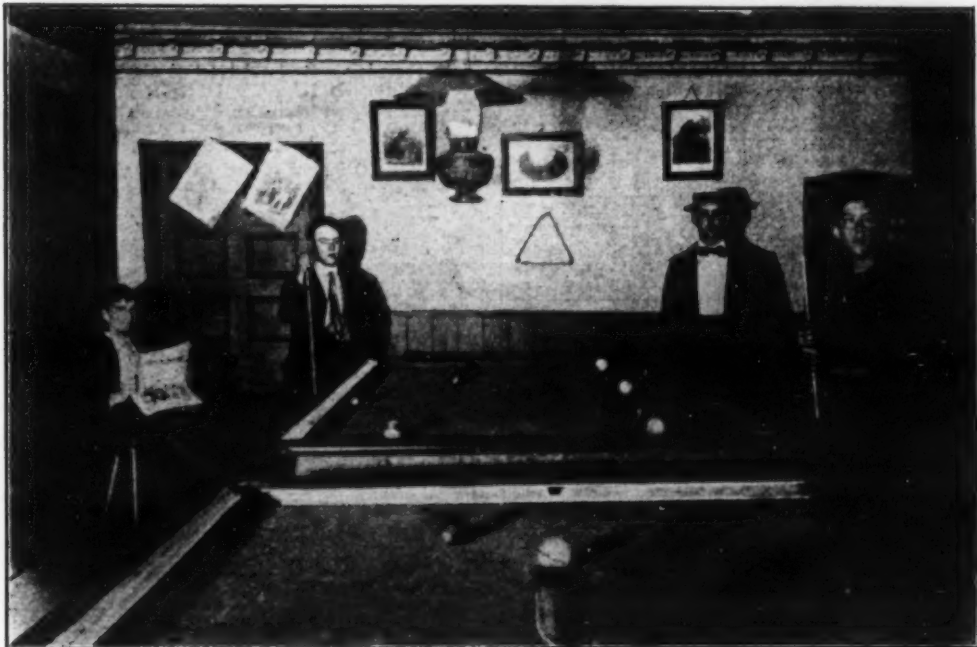
J. GUY SMITH.

NERVY EDITOR AND OWNER OF "LA SALLE'S ISONOMY,"
AN UP-TO-DATE PUBLICATION OF COTULLA, TEXAS.



C. H. FITZPATRICK.

A POPULAR SPORTING MAN OF 621 NORTH CLARK STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL., WHO HAS A HOST OF FRIENDS.



LEONARD CARROLL'S POOL ROOM.

MANY BIG MATCHES ARE PLAYED IN THIS MARIETTA, PA.,
RESORT, AND THE POLICE GAZETTE IS ON FILE.



A QUINTET OF JERSEY SPORTS.

THEY ARE ALL YOUNG, AND THEY LIVE IN JERSEY CITY,
N. J., BUT THEY ARE GOOD FELLOWS AND WILL GROW.



W. H. KISER AND H. E. EVANS.

TONSORIALIST, BRIDGET, A FIGHTING DOG,
AND A BOXER OF MILTON, PA.



DEWEY, SCHLEY AND SAMPSON.

TRIPLETS BORN TO DONATO VECE OF GRAND
AVENUE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SPORTING PAINTERS.

F. M. HEINEN'S CHICAGO, ILL., SHOP WHERE
THE POLICE GAZETTE IS KEPT.

POLICE GAZETTE HOTEL KEEPERS

E. M. Kemmerer, Owner of the Eagle Hotel, at Emaus, Pa.



E. M. Kemmerer is the popular owner and proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, corner Main and Chestnut streets, Emaus, Pa. This hotel has been thoroughly remodeled, supplied with steam heat and electric lights, and the furnishings are of the best throughout. The proprietor is a good fellow and has many friends. He is a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias K. G. E. and Lieberman's Beneficial Society of Allentown, Pa. A current issue of the POLICE GAZETTE is always kept on file at this hotel.

BARTENDERS NOTES.

Sporting men who go to Elmira, N. Y., usually stop at The Frasier, owned by W. T. Chadbourne.

Bachle's Hotel and Restaurant at 95 Loder street, Hornellville, N. Y., is a great resort for commercial men.

A. C. Tice and W. D. Sheehan, who are associated in the ownership and management of the Gillen

THIS "MONK" IS A SCRAPPER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Come with me to the station house. I arrest you as a disorderly character," said a Chicago policeman the other day to a "gypsy queen," who was encamped on Cottage Grove avenue. The officer grabbed his prisoner by the arm and then there was a strange sound. Screeches, growls and other noises sometimes heard in the jungle followed. The air about the policeman's head was as agitated as the business end of a funnel shaped cloud. Fur, hands, feet, a policeman's club, a helmet and various and sundry articles flew through the air. Jocko, a baboon who fills the office of the gypsy queen's cup bearer, was busier than he had been since he came from Bangoon. He had been concealed behind her majesty when the officer tried to arrest the woman, and undertook to take her part.

The baboon, the policeman, the queen and a little two-year-old princess had the street to themselves. Somebody telephoned to the Hyde Park station that the wild man of Borneo had just come to town, and a wagon load of officers was sent at once.

When the officers arrived they found the policeman on his back in the gutter kicking and shouting "Fire!" His uniform was scattered about the corners and brass buttons glistened in the sunlight. Jocko was trying vainly to pluck a handful of locks from the policeman's head.

When the officers captured Jocko and bundled him into the patrol wagon with his mistress and daughter, the baboon's fighting spirit again asserted itself. He managed to free his hands and attacked the driver with a vicious impetuosity which caused the startled driver to drop the reins. A runaway was in prospect when two strong men fell upon the baboon and again succeeded in tying his hands.

All the way to the station the struggle was continuous, with few intermissions for breath. Some of the police preferred to walk, and the driver all but gave up his job.

The gypsy, her child and baboon were all locked in one cell at the police station. An attempt was made to place the fierce baboon in another cell, but the animal commenced to make hostile demonstrations, and for the peace of the station it was decided to lock the trio up together. Once in the cell with his mistress, the baboon was docile enough.

AND THE CAT CAME BACK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A bunch of the beauties of the burlesque stage were ready to make their first entrance in a theatre at Pittsburgh, Pa., the other night, when something happened which almost quered the show. It was nothing more than a cat—a plain, ordinary, every day feline—but it had gone mad, and when it came tearing through the wings there wasn't a burlesquer in the bunch but thought that Tabby was making directly for her. The animal howled and dodged to and fro, upsetting a "real lady" at every jump, and when finally he had disappeared in some dark corner there wasn't a woman in the show standing in the position which nature in-

All of the Crack Bartenders of

the country are invited to contribute to this page. If you have a recipe for a new drink, send it in; if you know a good thing and you want to pass it along, send that in, too; write a paragraph about yourself for the bartenders column and let your friends know where you are and what you are doing. It will cost nothing and you are always welcome. If you have a good photograph of yourself, send that in, too.

House, Anamosa, I., have made many friends by their geniality.

One of the leading sporting men of Olean, N. Y., is Joseph A. Smith, who keeps a fine saloon at 58 State street.

Tony Benson, owner of The Oak, Main and Maple streets, Salamanca, has a happy knack of picking pugilistic winners.

One of the best hotels on the Pacific Coast is the Hart House, at Santa Maria, Cal. It is owned and managed by Jones and Cox.

The popular Osborne House Cafe at Hornellsville, N. Y., is owned and managed by M. J. Dugan, who is a prince of good fellows.

The Valley Hotel, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., is owned by Thomas Gray, an experienced man in the business and a popular citizen.

C. A. Leimgruber and Fred J. Bauman, who own the Little Casino, at 14 and 16 Corinthian street, Rochester, N. Y., are both popular.

A most popular boniface is B. W. Hayward, who owns the New Hayward House, at 111 and 133 West Third street, Jamestown, N. Y.

E. H. Vaughn, proprietor of the Hotel Imperial opposite the postoffice, Olean, N. Y., has one of the best kept houses in the State.

James W. Mulcay, a wholesale liquor dealer, whose place of business is at 18 Main street, Salamanca, N. Y., is a great lover of fair sports.

There are few saloonmen who are more popular than Joe Oppenheimer, owner of "Joe's Place," 112 North Second street, St. Joseph, Mo.

There are few better known sporting men in Western New York than J. Dorsey, who owns a liquor and tobacco store at 256 N. Union street, Olean, N. Y.

Hendrickson and Anderson, who are the proprietors of the Tremont House, at Lake Nebagamon, Wis., are both well-known sporting men. They have a crack bartender, Bob Robertson.

LE CLAIR ZELLENO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Le Clair Zelleno, who is following in the footsteps of Hermann the Great, is at present on tour with the Columbian Vaudeville Company, and he is making good at every show with his clever act.

Evans' Ale

fills the glass to the brim with a beady head like cream and a body as clear as amber and as sparkling as diamonds. Has no sediment That's why.



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Big C is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Spentorrhea, etc. Cures in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to irritate. Prevents contagion. **THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.** Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

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A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size. Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 266 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich. gladly sends this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

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SOME FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS

Michael Bozzi, Prominent Barber of Schenectady, N. Y.



One of the busiest and most popular barber shops at Schenectady, N. Y., is that owned by Michael Bozzi, at 105½ South Ferry street. Bozzi has been in business for himself a number of years, long enough to have a strong and influential following. From the time his name first went over the door of a place of business he has been a subscriber to the POLICE GAZETTE. It is a favorite weekly with his many patrons, and he says it is worth a prominent place in any barber shop. Bozzi makes a specialty of ladies hair dressing and shampooing.

If you have a group photograph send it to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication in these columns. Reproductions of photographs of unusual interest will be inserted free of all charge and the original returned.

J. GUY SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Newspaper work in the Southwest is not a very good thing for the nerves. Brann, the famous editor of the *Iconoclast*, was shot and killed by a man who didn't agree with his writing, and a week later J. Guy Smith gets a bullet in his back. He was shot at Cotulla by a man named May. Instantly he wheeled and shot May through and through below the heart. "Brann, the Second," was both deputy sheriff and special ranger, as well as an editor of an idoloclastic weekly. In these official capacities he was called from his residence after 10 at night by two Mexicans, who sought protection. They said their lives had been threatened and that they wished to be protected; that a crowd was waiting near a saloon for their return. Smith complied. He reached the spot alone and called the leader aside. He bade him be quiet and go home. The leader demurred; Smith insisted and threatened to imprison him if he did not at once obey him. The leader then did so. His horse was more than a hundred yards away, in town. The two started for this horse. May followed, and a hundred yards away from the starting point overtook them. He jerked his pistol and shot Smith in the back. Smith turned and killed him. May shot five times, emptying his pistol. The first two shots were almost simultaneous, like the discharge of a double-barrel gun. The first one powder-burned Smith's hand, burned it jet black. The second whirled its way through his back and shot the upper lobe of the right lung all to pieces. Still Smith did not fall. He wheeled instantly and jerked his pistol. May's was less than two feet away, right in Smith's face. Smith fired a second ahead. May's bullet sped harmlessly overhead. Smith's ploughed its way clear through his object, just below the heart. May staggered, shot wildly twice, and fell. Next morning he died. Smith walked to a hotel 250 yards away, carrying his pistol in his hand. He lay in bed fifteen weeks. He then went to San Antonio, and a few nights after was thrown violently from a trolley car. This laid him up again. Yet he is alive and writing along the style of the old-time Brann today.

JAMES H. MALONEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James H. Maloney, of Troop F, U. S. Cavalry, stationed at Columbia Barracks, Havana, Cuba, writes as follows:

"I hereby issue a challenge to any buck and wing dancer in Cuba for any amount of money. I will bar no one, and I will give every man a good chance for his money. I toured in the New England States before I enlisted in the army, and I have defeated a good many dancers. I would like to hear from some one through your paper, as I claim the championship of Cuba."

BARBERS DEMORALIZED.

What occurred in barber shop on a rainy day. Ten cents for the information and it will be mailed to your address, rolled in a tube. You can frame it, too. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

JEFFRIES AS A WEIGHT LIFTER.

Jim Jeffries is learning to act and will soon become a road attraction under W. A. Brady's management in a little thing called "A Man From the West. While he is not wrestling with the dialogue he finds congenial occupation in trying to break the records as a weight lifter and other feats peculiar to the strong man business. There is no question about his being big enough to lift almost anything. The heavyweight title was pretty heavy when mailed within the ropes by that old man terrible, Bob Fitzsimmons, but Jeffries managed to lift that.

Jeffries says that after a little training at the weight lifting game he will give Rolandow and Anderson, the Swede, cards and spades and all the aces at putting up pig iron and other hefty bric-a-brac from the floor.

"Why," said the champion, "it's as easy as rolling off a log for me to push a 150-pound dumb-bell over my head ten times with one hand, and this only gives me an appetite for more."

Whereupon he immediately made good his boast by raising two 75-pound bells ten times over his head. Then he pushed up a bell weighing 150 pounds from the floor as fast as his outstretched arms would extend upward from his shoulder.

Getting down on his back he pushed up two 100-pound bells ten times from the floor to his arm's length.

But more remarkable than these feats was his next. He took a man weighing about 160 pounds, and, standing the man on his wrists, raised him from the floor to a level with his shoulder and then held him out at arm's length, keeping the man balanced there for fully a minute.

When Sandow held forth to an admiring multitude, composed mostly of women, Jeffries saw him "work." Jeffries wasn't so well known to fame then as he is now, but at that time developed an ambition to outdo the tow-headed Adonis at the weight juggling game.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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BERTHA AND WILLIAM KRIBS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Mr. S. Kribs, 16 Thiam street, Brooklyn, N. Y., can well be proud of his two children. They are without exception two of the youngest musicians in the world, the girl having already acquired the ability to compose music for their playing. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. P. Leanta, 30 Morgan avenue, who has been their teacher. Mr. Kribs desires us to state that anyone wishing to hear the children play can do so by addressing him as above. The age of the girl is five years, while the boy is two years her senior.

CHARLES F. CHILLINGSWORTH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles F. Chillingsworth, who is the deputy marshal of the Honolulu police force, is a handsome young man of splendid physique. He is one of the shrewdest detectives of the Hawaiian Islands. He is a fine boxer and wrestler, congenial and quick-witted. He is a linguist, too, and can talk French, German, English, Portuguese and Kanaka fluently. Owing to this accomplishment he is a most valuable officer. He can be found in one of the police courts every morning where his keen glance and quick wit terrorizes the criminal classes.

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Perfect and permanent cure for weak and shrunken organs. NO DRUGS. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. A harmless instrument worn with secrecy and guaranteed to restore normal strength and invigorate weakened male sexual organs. The desired effect is produced by entirely natural methods. None of the harmful after-effects of drugs. The support acts immediately on being applied. It is a boon to weakened mankind.

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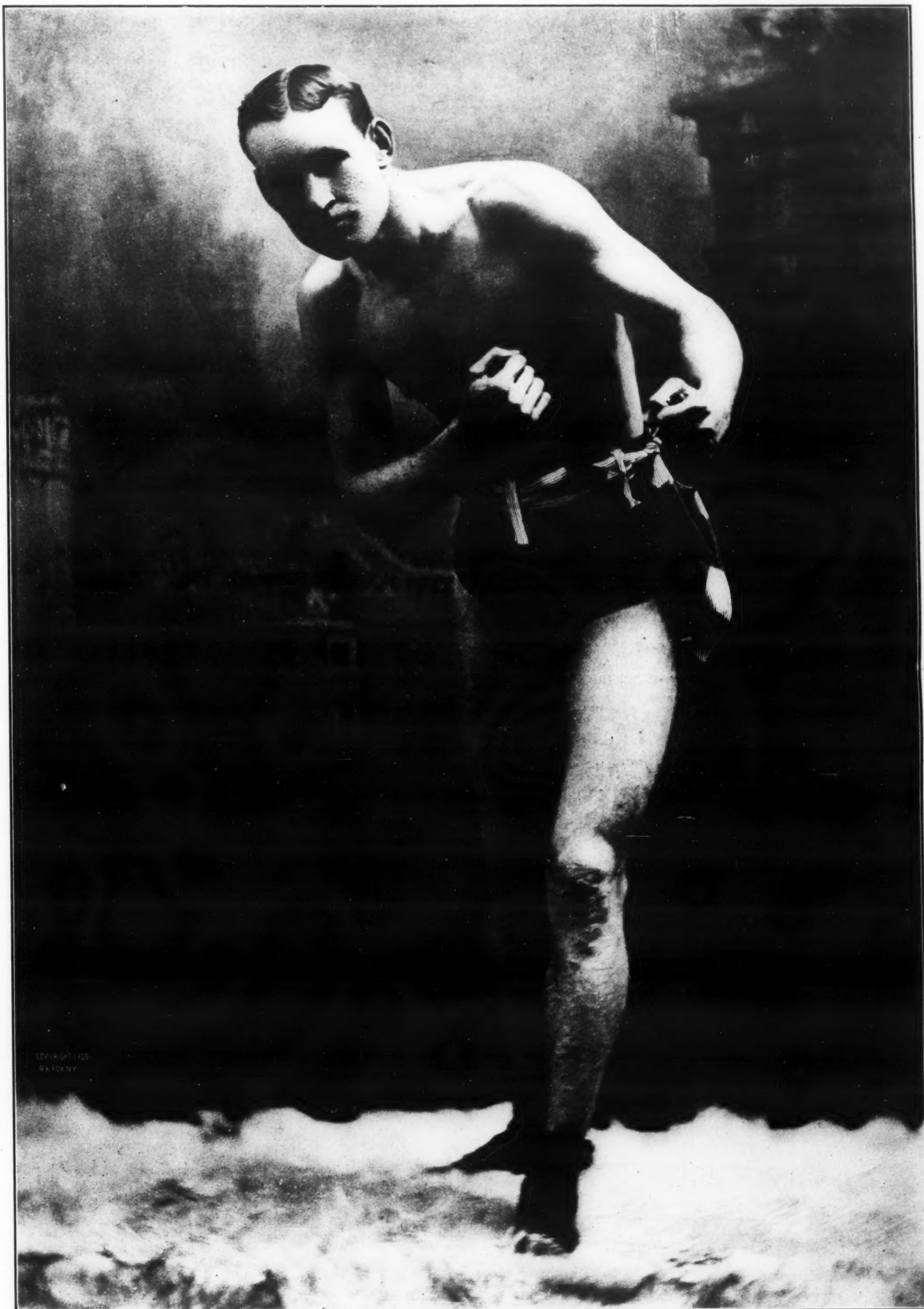
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